Northern Messenger

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Reginald Heber.

THE MISSIONARY HYMN.

(Friendly Greetings.)

But which is the missionary hymn? You will most likely guess; and perhaps may like to know a little of its early history.

It was a Whitsuntide long ago, even in the year 1819. The lilacs were in full bloom and the young foliage was green and fresh round the old town of Wrexham.

Just within Wales, and almost under the shadow of its dark mountains, it seemed a fitting place to raise a missionary standard, for was it not a Welsh singer (Williams by name) who had sung about 'the gloomy hills

REGINALD HEBER.

of darkness,' which were waiting for the true Light to shine upon them?

In the ancient town of Wrexham, with its beautiful church, well-known to all tourists, in Wales, a missionary sermon on this Whit-Sunday was to be preached. It was an unusual thing. We can fancy the astonishment of the people at the announcement. For the interest of the Church at that time in the salvation of the heathen was at a very low ebb, and as to a missionary hymn, neither Wrexham Church nor any other had reached beyond the realms which were then universally sung.

But better times were coming, and here at Wrexham was a happy beginning. All arrangements had been made by the vicar, who was himself to preach, and he had invited over from the neighboring village of Hodnet its young clergyman, a relative of his own, Reginald Heber, to be present on the occasion.

'Now, then,' said the vicar, 'what shall we sing to-morrow? Cannot you write something for us?'

The young man considered He was a poet as well as a minister, had already won reputation at Oxford by his prize poem on 'Palestine,' and now he obeyed the call. He retired into a corner of the room and two verses were ere long written. 'Now, then,' cried the eager vicar, 'let us hear.' And Heber modestly recited the first part of 'From Greenland's icy mountains.'

His hearer was delighted. But the poet's brain was full, and even after he had written the two following verses he would fain have gone on, had not the vicar insisted that the hymn was complete, and that more would spoil it.

So the hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' just as we know it, was sung next day, after the missionary sermon, for the first time, in Wrexham Church. God was calling Heber to India, though as yet he did not know it, and we cannot doubt that the Holy Spirit put the lovely words into his servant's heart first, as the foreshadowing of his own future, and then to prove the stirring up of missionary interests throughout the English-speaking world. Nay, more, for when Heber, as bishop of Calcutta, reached, in 1823, the far-off 'coral strand,' he found his hymn translated into some of the Indian languages!

And for that heathen land, after three years of unwearied Christian labor, Reginald Heber laid down his life.

We do not forget that he was not actually the first who wrote a missionary hymn. But 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' by Dr. Watts, was rather a paraphrase of Psalm 72, than an original production, nor was the one by the Welsh poet of which we have already spoken, 'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,' so calculated to catch the popular ear.

'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' familiar to us from our childhood, we may well call 'The Missionary Hymn,' and sure we are that it will hold on its way in the future—

'Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!'

M. K. M.

I Wish He Had Died for me.

When in Prussia I visited the Dusseldorf Gallery, and my attention was called to a painting which has touched many hearts. Let me tell you about it.

First, come with me and look at two paintings—one of a wild gypsy girl and the other of the Lord Jesus—who gave himself for us. The gypsy girl lived the wild life of her tribe, and had been called in by Sternberg, a German painter, that he might paint her pretty face. She had never been in an art studio before, and she did not fail to notice on the other side of the room an unfinished painting of the crucifixion of our Lord. One day she asked, 'Master, who is that?'

'That is Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary,' replied the painter, carelessly.

'But was he a bad man, that they treated him so cruelly?'

'Oh, no! He was the best man that ever lived.'

'Tell me more about him'; and so he did, though unwilling to do so.

Day after day as this gypsy girl came into the studio to have her picture painted her face was fixed upon this painting of Christ. As the last sitting was over, and she was about to leave the room, she whispered: 'Master, how can you help loving him, who, you say, has died for you? If anyone had loved me like that, oh, I would like to die for him.' And then with a sad heart she went back to her people.

And the painter! He was struck as with an arrow. God's spirit sent the words home to his heart. He fell on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, confessed before God's blessed Son how for twenty-seven years he had neglected him and sinned against him, and, looking for pardon to that cross of Jesus, gave his life to him. His heart was filled with a new joy, and then he became a worker for Christ. He put aside the half-finished picture, in which he had thought only of depicting the sufferings of Christ, and began a fresh one, with his heart full of love toward the Saviour who had died for him. He felt that the Lord helped him as never before.

When the painting was finished it was placed in the gallery at Dusseldorf. Crowds

came to gaze upon it. To one heart at least that story went home, for beneath the picture the painter had placed the words:

'I did all this for thee—
What hast thou done for Me?'

'Is it so?' said the young Count Zinzendorf. 'Then henceforth all my life shall be given to him who has done all this for me.' Though I believe that Zinzendorf became a Christian when he was a child, yet a sight of this painting led him to live for the Lord as he had not done before. As the founder of the United Brethren in Moravia, we know how well he kept his promise.

The gipsy girl came to see the picture, too, and Sternberg, happening to be there, found her weeping before it.

'O master,' she cried, 'He died for you, I know; but, oh, I wish he had died for me, a poor gypsy girl, too!'

Ah, then he knew something about the love of Jesus, and out of a full heart, and with deep interest in that dying Saviour he told her as he could not have done before the story of his sufferings and death in our stead.

Some time after, a stranger came to him with a message from a gypsy who was dying, and would the master come to her, as she wished to see him? He went, following the guide to the forest; in a poor hut, no longer in her dark beauty, but pale and wan, lay his gypsy friend. Her eyes were closed, but when she heard his voice she opened them, and, with a smile, she slowly said, 'Oh, master, I know now that he died for me, and I am going to live with him.' Then she passed away, a poor gypsy girl, to be with Jesus.

We do not need Sternberg's picture of the crucifixion. The simple Bible story of Christ's death for us is enough to melt our hearts. Only let us, each one, be sure we can say of the Lord Jesus, 'He loved me, and gave himself for me, and now I love him.'—E. Payson Hammond, in the 'Religious Telescope.'

The Best Medicine.

Take the open air—
The more you take the better;
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy, and the whiskey.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water;
Then you will be well,
Or, at least, you ought to.
—'Temperance Record.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

May 20, Sun.—The Lord thy God hath chosen thee.

May 21, Mon.—Because the Lord loved you.

May 22, Tues.—Know therefore that the Lord thy God he is God.

May 23, Wed.—He will love thee and bless thee.

May 24, Thurs.—God is among you.

May 25, Fri.—The Lord thy God led thee.

May 26, Sat.—Man doth not live by bread only.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of April 24:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$447.17
Sympathizer, Sunnidale	2.00
Gertrude Webster	.30
Annie Kristof	.10
C.T.M.	.50
John Matthews	2.00
A.B., Orangeville	1.00
In His Name, Wallaceburg	1.00
Mrs. Clarke	2.00
Z.O.G.W.	5.00
M. E. Watson	2.00
An Appreciative Reader of the 'Witness,' Dunchurch	1.00
D. Bartholomew	1.00
G. Magee	2.00
A Friend, Washburn	2.00
Collected by Miss Mary Stirrett, Miss Lottie Park, Miss Minnie Simpson and Miss Florence Craig, Glen Rae, Ont.	30.00
Samuel Hurtt	10.00
Y.M.A.	10.00
The Y.P.S.C.E. of Victoria Harbor, Ont.	10.00
Martha M. Trask	10.00
Collected by pupils of Johnston School, Oak Lake	5.45
Mrs. Edward Williston	25.00
From a Friend	100.00
Wm. Sackville	5.00
Mrs. Varley	1.00
Mrs. and Miss Fairband and T.B.	2.00
Quaker Street Monthly Meeting of Friends, North Norwich	42.56
Stanstead	2.00
C.T., Schomberg, Ont.	2.00
A.M.H.	2.00
Elizabeth Bain	1.00
E.M.F.	2.00
A Friend, Umatilla	.50
John Beattie	2.00
John McKeown	3.00
J. S. Cushing	2.00
E.D.G.	1.50
E. E. O'Brien	.50
G. L. O'Brien	.50
S. W. O'Brien	.50
A Friend, Minesing	2.00
B. F. Beach	2.00
S. W. Beach	1.25
Miss M. Beach	.50
Mrs. G. Beach	.25
A Friend, Orillia	2.00
A. R. Powter	5.00
C.S.B.	1.00
Mrs. Wardrop	1.00
G.S.	.25
Martha Tripp	.50
Adelaide Doughart	.50
Rev. David Patterson	2.00
John Carlisle	1.50
P.E.J.	1.00
A Friend, Regina	5.09
A Friend, Stanley	2.25
Peachland, B.C., Sunday School, per C. G. Elliott, supt.	40.00
John McNaughton	2.50
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Purdy	5.00
Mount Pleasant Christian Endeavor, Ravenshoe, Ont.	5.03
Mrs. G. W. Quick	7.00
Isaac Snowdon	5.00
S.N.	3.00
In His Name, Oak Lake	1.00
J.A.P., Grafton	1.00
Athens, Ont., W.C.T.U.	3.00
Fred. O. Russell	2.00
An Easter Offering from five children	3.25
Collected by Wm. McLennan, from friends of Cashel	14.00
In His Name, Petrol	5.00
Alex. Clerk	25.00
Muriel	2.00
A Friend and her three little ones.	2.00
T. S., Montreal	2.00
J.R.A.	.80
Trinity Church Sunday school, Iberville	3.71
I.M.H.	1.00
East End Methodist E.L. of C.E., Society	15.35
I.H.U.	3.00
Henry Kemp	2.00
Mrs. D. Callaway	1.00
Teachers and pupils of Newbury School	3.60
Simon McVeety	2.00
Wellmans Sunday school	5.00
Collected by Mrs. W. Anderson, Wellman's Corners, Ont.	10.00
A Friend, Montreal	1.00
Collected by B. L. S. Salisbury, N.B.	
Mr. A. E. Trites	$2.00
H. C. Barnes	1.00
E. Moore	1.00
George Chapman	.50
A. Smith	.25
C. S. Bulmer	1.00
S. Taylor	.50
John Kennedy	.50
Viva M. Colpitts	.25
Allison Trites	.50
H. Baird	.25
John Robinson	.25
Charles Aylee	.25
James Taylor	.25
Mrs. A. P. Perry	.50
Mrs. J. W. Patterson	.50
— Fitzpatrick	.25
M. F. Gaynor	.25
Arthur W. Steenes	.40
C. L. Henry	.25
Bentley Wilmot	.50
M. B. Baird	.18
Mrs. J. Parker	.25
A Friend	.15
Master Jack D. McKay	.25
Master Allison McKay	.25
Mrs. Rufus Smith	.50
Miss Clara Tiner	.15
Master Clifford Tiner	.15
Ray Tiner	.25
J. M. Crandell	.50
Arthur W. S. Taylor	.25
Dickie Taylor	.25
Helen G. Taylor	.25
Mary E. Taylor	.25
Salisbury Baptist Sunday school	.82
Sadie MacPherson	.30
M. E. Parker	.10
	16.00
Contributions from the people of Sherkiston, Ont., by May L. Troup—	
Mrs. G. W. Troup	.75
George W. Troup	$2.00
May L. Troup	.50
Leslie G. Troup	.75
Allan A. Troup	1.00
Erne Chambers	.50
Roy Stoltz	.50
Benj. Troup	1.00
Herbe Troup	.50
J. A. Stouth	.50
J. Wade	.50
J. Kinsley	.25
Wilmer Sherk	.25
Samuel Sherk	.25
George Zavitz	.25
A. N. Sherk	1.00
E. A. Zavitz	.25
R. L. Oliver	.50
G. F. Nicks	.25
R. J. Zavitz	.25
S. Dunn	.25
C. E. Chambers	.25
T. Chambers	.25
Henry Sherk	.25
Emanuel Zavitz	.25
Alfred Michael	.25
J. F. Dunn	.50
Edward Neff	.25
Annie Learn	.25
Livingston Learn	.50
Jacob Rhora	.25
A. Sider	1.00
F. J. Bearss	.50
A. Stanth	.50
E. Hann	.25
L. Storm	.25
E. Storm	.25
J. Fretz	.25
F. Barnhart	.25
J. Howe	.25
Aaron Sherk	.25
Daniel Sherk	.25
	$19.00
Contributions of school section No. 3, Mersea Township—	
Miss J. Hall	.50
Earl Selkirk	.10
Glah Selkirk	.05
Ruby Selkirk	.05
Kitty Selkirk	.05
Bella Selkirk	.05
Willis McMullin	.05
Lulu McMullin	.05
Douglas McMullin	.05
Flossie Cowan	.10
Clara Cowan	.10
Effie Cowan	.05
Lillian Cowan	1.00
Beulah Cowan	.25
Violet Cowan	.10
Ethel Roadhouse	.30
Lily Roadhouse	.05
Eugean Roadhouse	.05
Gertie Reid	.02
Clemie Tilden	.03
Morley Dring	.05
Charlie Nicholson	.10
Bruce Jeffery	.05
Effie Thomas	.10
Sarah Irwin	.03
Ezra Irwin	.01
Hadley Foster	.10
Maudie Tozer	.05
Johnnie Selkirk	.05
Mina Hutchinson	.10
Mabel, Maggie and Carl Gillanders	.10
Wallace Jeffery	.10
George Hutchinson	.25
Albert Heatherington	.05
Beatrice Selkirk	.10
William Selkirk	.10
Elsie McMullin	.05
Rosy Courtney	.10
Golden Reid	.05
Edith Beacom	.20
Myrtle Beacom	.05
Mahlon Reid	.10
Garnet Fraser	.10
Howard Reid	.05
Ezra Reid	.10
Ethel Reid	.05
Ezra Thomas	.10
Maudie Barrows	.20
Leonard Barrows	.75
Wilfred Meston	.02
Ettie Scratch	.04
F. A. Leak	2.00
	8.30
Mrs. Wm. Wilson	2.00
Mrs. Robert Hamilton	1.00
Total	$901.12
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received:	
To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$221.86
To Chris. Alliance Mission	119.61
To Am. Board of Missions	53.31
To Southern Indian Famine, (G. S. Eddy)	8.60
To Methodist Episcopal Mission	13.76
	447.17
Total	$543.95

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat.

Previously acknowledged	$1,183.95
E.F.P.	2.35
B.W., Ingersoll	4.00
Wilson Porter	5.00
Orpha Porter	1.00
Foxboro W.C.T.U.	4.00
No Name	.50
A.G.W.	.10
A Friend, Otterburne	2.00
	$1,204.90
Part of undesignated amounts	149.64
Total	$1,354.54

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XIV.—GRAEME'S NEW BIRTH.

There was more left in that grave than old man Nelson's dead body. It seemed to me that Graeme left part, at least, of his old self there, with his dead friend and comrade, in the quiet country churchyard. I waited long for the old careless, reckless spirit to appear, but he was never the same again. The change was unmistakable, but hard to define. He seemed to have resolved his life into a definite purpose. He was hardly so comfortable a fellow to be with; he made me feel even more lazy and useless than was my wont; but I respected him more, and liked him none the less. As a lion he was not a success. He would not roar. This was disappointing to me, and to his friends and mine, who had been waiting his return with eager expectation of tales of thrilling and bloodthirsty adventure.

His first days were spent in making right, or as nearly right as he could, the break that drove him to the west. His old firm (and I have had more respect for the humanity of lawyers ever since) behaved really well. They proved the restoration of their confidence in his integrity and ability by offering him a place in the firm, which, however, he would not accept. Then, when he felt clean, as he said, he posted off home, taking me with him. During the railway journey of four hours he hardly spoke; but when we had left the town behind, and had fairly got upon the country road that led toward the home ten miles away, his speech came to him in a great flow. His spirits ran over. He was like a boy returning from his first college term. His very face wore the boy's open, innocent, earnest look that used to attract men to him in his first college year. His delight in the fields and woods, in the sweet country air and the sunlight was without bound. How often had we driven this road together in the old days!

Every turn was familiar. The swamp where the tamaracks stood straight and slim out of their beds of moss; the brule, as we used to call it, where the pine-stumps, huge and blackened, were half-hidden by the new growth of poplars and soft maples; the big hill, where we used to get out and walk when the roads were bad; the orchards, where the harvest apples were best and most accessible—all had their memories.

It was one of these perfect afternoons that so often come in the early Canadian summer, before Nature grows weary with the heat. The white gravel road was trimmed on either side with turf of living green, close cropped by the sheep that wandered in flocks along its whole length. Beyond the picturesque snake-fences stretched the fields of springing grain, of varying shades of green, with here and there a dark brown patch, marking a turnip field or summer fallow, and far back were the woods of maple and beech and elm, with here and there the tufted top of a mighty pine, the lonely representative of a vanished race, standing clear above the humbler trees.

As we drove through the big swamp where the yawning, haunted gully plunges down to its gloomy depths, Graeme reminded me of that night when our horse saw something in that same gully, and refused to go past; and I felt again, though it was broad daylight, something of the grue that shivered down my back, as I saw in the moonlight the gleam of a white thing far among the pine trunks.

As we came nearer home the houses became familiar. Every house had its tale: we had eaten or slept in most of them; we had sampled apples, and cherries, and plums from their orchards, openly as guests, or secretly as marauders, under cover of night—the more delightful way, I fear. Ah! happy days, with these innocent crimes and fleeting remorses, how bravely we faced them, and how gaily we lived them, and how yearningly we look back at them now! The sun was just dipping into the tree-tops of the distant woods behind as we came to the top of the last hill that overlooked the valley, in which lay the village of Riverdale. Wooded hills stood about it on three sides, and, where the hills faded out, there lay the mill-pond sleeping and smiling in the sun. Through the village ran the white road, up past the old frame church, and on to the white manse standing among the trees. That was Graeme's home, and mine too, for I had never known another worthy of the name. We held up our team to look down over the valley, with its rampart of wooded hills, its shining pond, and its nestling village, and on past to the church and the white manse, hiding among the trees. The beauty, the peace, the warm, loving homeliness of the scene came about our hearts, but, being men, we could find no words.

'Let's go,' cried Graeme, and down the hill we tore and rocked and swayed to the amazement of the steady team, whose education from the earliest years had impressed upon their minds the criminality of attempting to do anything but walk carefully down a hill, at least for two-thirds of the way. Through the village, in a cloud of dust, we swept, catching a glimpse of a well-known face here and there, and flinging a salutation as we passed, leaving the owner of the face rooted to his place in astonishment at the sight of Graeme whirling on in his old-time, well-known reckless manner. Only old Dunc. M'Leod was equal to the moment, for as Graeme called out, 'Hello, Dunc.!' the old man lifted up his hands, and called back in an awed voice: 'Bless my soul! is it yourself?'

'Stands his whiskey well, poor old chap!' was Graeme's comment.

As we neared the church he pulled up his team, and we went quietly past the sleepers there, then again on the full run down the gentle slope, over the little brook, and up to the gate. He had hardly got his team pulled up before, flinging me the lines, he was out over the wheel, for coming down the walk, with her hands lifted high, was a dainty little lady, with the face of an angel. In a moment Graeme had her in his arms. I heard the faint cry, 'My boy, my boy,' and got down on the other side to attend to my off horse, surprised to find my hands trembling and my eyes full of tears. Back upon the steps stood an old gentleman, with white hair and flowing beard, handsome, straight, and stately—Graeme's father, waiting his turn.

'Welcome home, my lad,' was his greeting, as he kissed his son, and the tremor of his voice, and the sight of the two men kissing each other, like women, sent me again to my horses' heads.

'There's Connor, mother!' shouted out Graeme, and the dainty little lady, in her black silk and white lace, came out to me quickly, with outstretched hands.

'You, too, are welcome home,' she said, and kissed me.

I stood with my hat off, saying something about being glad to come, but wishing that I could get away before I should make quite a fool of myself. For as I looked down upon that beautiful face, pale, except for a faint flush upon each faded cheek, and read the story of pain endured and conquered, and as I thought of all the long years of waiting and of vain hoping, I found my throat dry and sore, and the words would not come But her quick sense needed no words, and she came to my help.

'You will find Jack at the stable,' she said, smiling; 'he ought to have been here.'

The stable! Why had I not thought of that before? Thankfully now my words came—

'Yes, certainly, I'll find him, Mrs. Graeme. I suppose he's as much of a scapegrace as ever,' and off I went to look up Graeme's young brother, who had given every promise in the old days of developing into as stirring a rascal as one could desire; but who, as I found out later, had not lived these years in his mother's house for nothing.

'Oh, Jack's a good boy,' she answered, smiling again, as she turned toward the other two, now waiting for her upon the walk.

(To be Continued.)

Ginger Jack.

(By Mary Bradford Whiting, in 'Dawn of Day.')

No one who saw Ginger Jack needed to ask how he got his name. Rings of red hair lay all over his head, in a confusion of curls that glittered like burnished gold in the sunlight, but which shone brightly even on the darkest day.

Ginger Jack had suffered much on account of his hair ever since he could remember; his feelings were as sensitive as his temper was quick, and he had never ceased to resent it when he was asked how much carrots were in the market, or when an ingenious friend pretended to warm his hands at the fiery head. Who his parents were nobody knew; brothers and sisters he had none; of a home he had never so much as heard; his lodging was an archway or a doorstep, or any other nook into which he could creep out of sight of the police, and his meals were the bits and scraps that he begged or stole, washed down with a drink from the nearest water-tap. Of books Jack was densely and blindly ignorant; not a syllable could he read, and he troubled his head about his lack of learning no more than did the little black sparrows.

There were times when Jack was very cold and very hungry; when his thin, ragged clothes were no more protection than if they were made of paper, and when his dinner hour was so fashionably late that sometimes night came on before he had found anything with which to follow his morning crust; and yet, if anyone had asked him if he liked his wandering life, he would have been filled with astonishment at such a foolish question. What if London streets are dirty and noisy—they are the most magnificent play-place that was ever made. Travellers tell us of their adventures in savage places and desert wastes; but no savage country and no desert waste is so full of dangers and excitements as the crowded thoroughfares of the great city. Let people boast of making their way through pathless jungles who have never dodged through carts, vans, and omnibuses when traffic is at its thickest; let those brag

of their escape from wild beasts who have never wriggled out of a policeman's grasp and run for dear life over a crowded pavement!

Like most London gutter children, the boy seldom went beyond the little group of courts and streets made familiar to him by long custom; but now and again he was seized with a desire to see the world, and on one of these rare occasions he actually penetrated as far as Trafalgar square.

To the ordinary observer Trafalgar square does not seem very countrified; the stone pavement underfoot, the great buildings all around, and the streets that open out of it in every direction, make it impossible to forget for a moment that it lies in the heart of a city. But Jack had heard of the country as a place where birds and trees and water were to be found, and when he emerged for the first time into the great open space, and saw the trees waving in the summer wind and the fountains splashing in the sunlight, and the pigeons alighting on the steps of the National Gallery, he had not the slightest doubt that he had arrived at the country at last, and his only wonder was that the school-children should go driving away to it in vans when it was within such an easy walk.

But his observations on the country were soon interrupted.

'Hullo, Ginger!' said a voice behind him, and turning quickly, Jack beheld one of his companions whom he had not seen for months past.

And yet, could it be Archey? Archey, so-called not because it was his name, but because he lived under a railway arch; Archey, the grimiest, raggedest little urchin who ever groped in a London gutter. This boy was clean and neat, with well-brushed hair, and well-polished face, and, more wonderful still, he was dressed in a uniform that blazed grandly on Ginger Jack's unaccustomed eyes.

'Wot 'ave you got them things on for?' he demanded. ''Ave you been made a dook?'

'Not quite,' said Archey, 'but perhaps I'll be one before I've done.'

'Wy, 'ave they put you to the dook trade?' asked Jack. 'There's Bill, wot was took to the workus, they've put 'im to the chimney-sweepin'.'

'Well, I'll tell you all about it,' said Archey, condescendingly. 'I'm a Gordon boy.'

'A wot?' said Jack, staring at him with open eyes and mouth.

'A Gordon boy, that's what I am,' repeated Archey, 'a gentleman got talking to me one day while I carried his bag, and he took me away to a place where we have lessons every day and drill, and all sorts of things, and they tell us about Gordon who was killed doing his duty; our place is named after him, and we've all got to grow like him and be good soldiers and serve God and serve the Queen.'

Ginger Jack listened with all his ears. There were many words in his friend's speech which were altogether meaningless to him, 'duty,' 'serving God,' 'serving the Queen'; and, yet, there was something so inspiring in Archey's enthusiasm that he felt a new and strange longing rising within him.

'Look 'ere, Archey,' he said confidentially, 'you and me was always pals, can't you give me a leg-up now?

'What do you mean?' asked Archey, rather blankly, for he was too proud of his newly acquired respectability to wish to endanger it with Jack's society.

'Wy, take me along with you when you go back to that place! I'm uncommon fond of fightin', I am; you should see me pitch into the chaps.'

'That's not the sort of fighting we do!' said Archey, loftily. 'I'd be ashamed to be seen with you; you'd have to double-quick march outside the gates, I can tell you, if you came hanging round our place!'

Ginger Jack looked at him for a moment, his passionate little heart bursting with rage; then stooping down he picked up a handful of mud and flung it in his face.

'You young rascal!' shrieked Archey in a fury, but Jack was off like an arrow from a bow, and darting across the square he hid behind the base of one of the statues.

'What are you chuckling about you little imp,' said a voice at this moment.

It was a young man who spoke, with a black coat and a tall hat, a ring on his finger and a smart chain across his waistcoat.

'Do you want to earn sixpence?' he asked.

'Rather,' was the brief reply.

'Well, then you shall! I brought my mother up to town to-day; there she is, asleep on that seat over there. She's tired out, bless her, and I'm going to do her shopping

'NOW THEN, WHAT'S ALL THIS?' SAID A POLICEMAN.

for her; but she forgot to give me her bag with the money in it. I'm afraid to go back for fear of missing my 'bus, but if you will run and fetch the bag without waking her I'll give you sixpence.'

It was strange that such a thoughtful son should leave his mother to take her nap in the full blaze and bustle of Trafalgar square; but Ginger Jack did not pause to think, and running noiselessly over the pavement on his bare feet, he laid his hand on the bag.

'Hillo, mum, wake up! There's someone prigging your bag!' shouted a sudden voice.

'Murder! Thieves! Fire, fire!' screamed the old lady, as she started up in alarm.

A crowd began to collect in the flash of an eye, but, breaking through, Ginger Jack tore after the young man, bag in hand, and caught hold of his coat.

'Here it is!' he panted. 'She thinks I stole it; she doesn't know I was gettin' it for you.'

Jack smiled as he spoke, but to his amazement, the man scowled furiously, and tried to tear his coat out of his grasp.

'Now, then. What's all this?' said a policeman, laying his hand on the boy's ragged collar.

'Please, sir, it was 'im as told me to go and get the bag from 'is mother,' cried Ginger Jack, eagerly, ''e said she was tired, and I wasn't to wake 'er, and—' but a burst of laughter from the bystanders drowned the rest of his speech.

'We've heard that sort of tale before now, haven't we?' said the young man, shaking his head seriously. 'Poor little fellow, it's sad to see how young they begin it!'

'That's true enough,' said the policeman. 'Come along, my boy, you've got the bag, and you'll have to answer for it, so if the old lady's finished screeching I'll walk you and her off to the police station.'

It was in vain for Ginger Jack to protest, not a word that he uttered was believed, and, with a sinking heart he was carried off to his doom.

'Five years in a reformatory, and I hope that you may learn there to repent of your crimes!' was the magistrate's stern sentence, and as the poor little prisoner heard it he trembled and turned pale.

No more pleasant freedom for him, no more wild adventures in courts and alleys, no more delicious dangers and hairbreadth escapes; and as he tossed restlessly on his narrow bed that night, his bitter thoughts of his enemy swelled and rose into a tempest. He had heard of vows of vengeance, and, rising up on his knees in the darkness, he clasped his hands together, and spoke in a loud and solemn tone: 'As soon as ever I get out of this 'ere place, I'll foller 'im, and I'll foller 'im, and I'll foller 'im, and when I've got 'im I'll pay 'im back, seven times over! Amen.'

CHAPTER II.

Sand, sand, everywhere sand! Gritty sand, stoney sand, hot and blinding sand, with here and there a shadeless palm tree, here and there a deserted mud village.

The regiment had been marching all day and the men were scorched and fagged and dust-dried, till their spirits well-nigh fainted within them. Nor, when the halt came at last, were they so very much better off; it is one thing to come in weary from a walk and find supper ready and waiting, but it is quite another to have to set to work to light the fire and cook the food.

'Hullo, Jack, dead beat?' cried one of the men cheerfully, as the young fellow who had been marching beside him loosened his belt and flung himself down on the sand.

A grunt was the only answer, and seeing that there was nothing to be got out of him, his friend turned away and left him to himself.

Ginger Jack had not proved altogether a credit to the reformatory; he was clever at his work, and sharp enough in picking up the routine of the place, but all the same the authorities looked upon him coldly. It was not possible to feel much affection for a lad who varied between dogged dulness and daring defiance, and all the officials from the governor to the shoemaker who taught him his trade, felt a decided relief when his time came to an end.

Jack was nearly eighteen when he found himself on the world again, and by the time that he had done a week's work in the shoe shop where he had been placed, the craving for freedom mastered him; he had gone off on the spree, spent his money at the public-house, and awoke to find himself the possessor of the Queen's shilling.

Several years had passed since then, and the thin, lanky boy had filled out into a fine, well-set-up young fellow; but in spite of his outward improvement, Ginger Jack was not much of a favorite in the ranks; even to

those who had known him longest there was a want of cordiality which prevented him from being a good comrade; he asked and he gave no confidence, but deep down in his heart he cherished the vow of vengeance which he had made in his boyish days, and like a drop of poison it embittered his whole life. For the food, the clothes, the schooling, and the care that he had received in the reformatory he had no feeling of gratitude; his liberty had been unjustly taken from him; and he had been convicted of another's crime, and these rankling recollections had made the once light-hearted boy gloomy and unapproachable.

Since he had been in Egypt, however, there had been less opportunity for personal thoughts, and when the day of battle came at last, Ginger Jack, no less than his comrades, marched out with kindling eye and eager step. It was no ordinary battle that was to be fought to-day; Gordon's memory must be avenged and the national honor cleared, and each man felt that a weight of responsibility rested upon his own shoulders.

When questioned about the battle afterwards, Jack never could recall much; it was like a nightmare in his remembance; a bad dream of bullets and smoke, of tangled grass and thorns, of deep trenches filled with blacks, who stabbed and struck with deadly effect. He was conscious of nothing but the varied words of command, 'Load, fire, advance, wheel' — till suddenly the order 'Charge!' was heard; and sweeping forward in close-locked ranks, the men dashed at the stockade of the zareba.

Stakes and hedges were broken down with a resistless rush, and once inside they rushed straight on, clearing everything before them. How long it lasted nobody knew; it was all a mad swirl and roar, till at last the smoke began to disperse and they found themselves out in the open.

Jack was one of the last, and as he paused a moment to recover breath, he heard a desperate cry for help, and looking round he saw a man of another regiment lying on the ground, while a powerful black stood over him, spear in hand. To dash back again was the work of a moment, and picking the man up he ran towards shelter under a dropping line of fire.

'Bravo!' cried an officer who stood by, and a cheer went up in response; but Ginger Jack did not heed it. A strange sob gurgled up in his throat as he laid down his burden, and he fell like a stone on the sand.

It was some hours before consciousness returned to him, and when he opened his eyes, he could not tell where he was. A sharp pang of anguish shot through him as he tried to raise himself, and he fell back with a groan, which reached the ear of the chaplain who entered the hospital tent at that moment, dusty and smoke-stained, but as cool and quiet as though he had not been at work for twenty-four hours on end.

'Lie still,' he said gently, as he dipped a sponge in vinegar and water, and began to bathe the burning head. 'You will hurt yourself if you move, and we can't afford to lose one of our heroes; you have done a fine deed to-day.'

But the day's achievements had passed like a dream from Jack's fevered brain, and his long-cherished thoughts had him in their power.

'It's a shame,' he muttered, 'a black, bitter shame!'

'What is a shame?' asked the chaplain.

'Oh! it's you, sir, is it?' said Jack, with sudden recognition. 'I'll tell you about it, I don't mind now, because I'm going to die. It was when I was a little chap; a scoundrel-hearted fellow got hold of me in Trafalgar square, and he took me in with a long yarn about an old lady being his mother, and told me to fetch her bag. I was run in for it, sir, and he got off scot free, and I vowed I'd pay him out before I died. Don't say it wasn't a shame, for I won't hear you!'

'It was a shame,' said the chaplain, 'a cruel shame.'

Jack looked up at him more quietly as he spoke.

'It was his doing, and I suffered for it,' he said.

'Yes, it was hard,' said the chaplain 'but you know the story of the Sinless One who when he suffered threatened not; it was of him that these words were spoken: 'He made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, and that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.'

He said no more, but the heavy eyelids began to droop and he crept quietly away.

'Come here, sir, I want you!'

The gasped-out words came from the man

'LIE STILL,' HE SAID, GENTLY.

who lay next to Jack, and bending over him the chaplain asked what was amiss.

'I asked them to put me next to him,' was the incoherent reply, 'they told me all about it and how bad he was, and I thought I'd like to be near him.'

'Do you mean it was you whose life he saved?' asked the chaplain.

'Yes, it was me, and I wish now I'd been left there to die; I heard all he was saying to you just now.'

'You must try to get to sleep,' said the chaplain, thinking that the man's mind was wandering.

'Get to sleep! how am I to get to sleep with all this on my mind?'

'What is on your mind? Perhaps it will ease you to tell me.'

'Why, you've just heard it from him; it was I who played him that trick. I was got up like a swell that day, loafing about after nurses in the West End, but I was afraid I was watched, and I thought I would use the boy as a cat's paw. I made my escape all right; but it did me no good; I went down, down, down, and at last in despair, I took the shilling. I've kept straight since then, and I've thought many a time of the boy I'd got into trouble, and now to find that he's given his life for me.'

'It is not as bad as that, I hope,' replied the chaplain, but the poor fellow could not listen to his consolations, for his restless movements had caused his wound to break out afresh and the surgeon had to be summoned.

It was a strange story, and remembering the bitter feeling that Jack had displayed, the chaplain felt doubtful how he would receive the news that Private Fordham, the man whom he had rescued from death, was the enemy for whom he had been so long waiting. Fordham was much the less severely injured of the two, and having given him a hint of how matters stood the chaplain watched with interest the way in which he laid himself out to win Jack's friendship.

'You're a good mother spoilt,' said Jack one day, with a smile, as he lay on the deck of the troopship that was taking the wounded back to England, while Fordham hovered over him with unwearied attentions.

'I wish I'd had a good mother,' said Fordham, soberly, 'I might have been a better fellow then.'

'So might I,' said Jack with a sigh, 'it makes one think of those sort of things somehow when one hears that one's crippled for life.'

'And if it hadn't been for me——' began Fordham remorsefully, but Jack would not let him go on.

'Come, stop that,' he said. 'It's not my leg that I'm thinking about; it's the way that I've grumbled and growled over things when I ought to have been thankful for them. I've been saving up a grudge against someone for years past, and I see now that if it hadn't been for what he did, I might have run the streets all my life and never have had the chance of learning anything.

'Then you've forgiven me at last!' cried Fordham, forgetting caution in his joy.

'Forgive you! What are you talking about?' said Jack.

'Why, don't you know me? I heard all you said to the chaplain that night, and I felt meaner than mean when I thought of the low trick I played on you, and then of you risking your life for me. I daren't tell you who I was, but when you said just now how different things seemed to you it was like a weight lifted off me. But I say, Jack,' he added, 'you're not going to turn the cold shoulder on me now, are you?'

Jack had turned his head away, and when he spoke again, it was in an odd, choking voice.

'It's I who feel mean,' he said. 'I'm no hero, like you think I am; if I'd known it was you I doubt if I'd have gone back to save you. I can't take the V.C. for it, and that's a fact.'

But this was a matter that did not lie in Jack's hands, and when he heard that the Queen herself was coming to Netley Hospital to present the decorations, he was full of troubled thoughts.

'I say, nurse,' he said, uneasily, as he was being smartened up for the occasion, 'can't I just say to her "Thank you kindly, mum, but I don't deserve it, and I'd rather not take it."'

'I'm afraid that won't quite do,' said the nurse, smiling. The story had been confided to her during his wakeful hours of pain, and she honored him for his scruples, even while she thought them unnecessary. 'After all, you did save Fordham's life, and if you got a chance of saving it again, you would do it, wouldn't you, even if you did know who he was?'

'Yes, that I would,' said Jack; 'there's something in what you say, so perhaps I'd better hold my tongue. But hurry up, nurse, there's the good old tune, I wish I could turn out and present arms.'

But Jack's days of presenting arms were

over, and when the ward door opened and the gracious figure in the wheel chair was seen approaching, there were tears of weakness in his eyes, and his thin hand trembled as he brought it up to his forehead in salute.

'If all of us poor chaps had had mothers like her, we might have been a bit different,' he said next day, when Fordham came in to pay him a visit. 'She's got a heart of gold, she has, and it goes through me like a bullet when I think that I shan't be able to fight for her any more.'

'Fighting's not everything,' said Fordham cheerfully; 'we'll be good citizens, if we can't be soldiers, and that's what I've come to talk to you about. You're a clever shoemaker, and I've got a good head for business, though I've put it to a wrong use sometimes. Now what do you say to our setting up together? My life belongs to you in a way, and I'll wait upon you as if you were the Queen herself; don't say no, all in a hurry; but think it over a bit.'

'It doesn't want any thinking over,' said Jack, 'we'll stick together to the end. It's wonderful how a man's life works out, and how good comes out of evil. I told you how Archey, that old chum of mine, thought I was too bad for him to speak to, and yet I've lived to hear the Queen thank me with her own lips and say that I was an honor to her and to the country! And, just as good comes out of evil, so love comes out of hate, You're the best friend I've got in the world, Fordham, and I feel a different man now that the old bitterness is wiped out of my heart.'

And so it came to pass that when Jack was ready to leave the hospital, he was installed in a snug little shop, where his busy fingers find constant employment, and where, in spite of his crippled state, he is as happy as the day is long. The man upon whom once he vowed revenge, attends him with devoted care, and when he rests in his chair of an evening, and looks up at the Cross which hangs beneath the portrait of his Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, there is no man in all her mighty Empire who is more thankful-hearted than Ginger Jack.

The Hero of the Stanton Mine

(By Marian V. E. Selden, in 'The Standard.')

CHAPTER I.

'Section 42, change for all points on the Iron Range.'

The high nasal voice of the brakeman rang through the cars as the northern bound passenger train, ten hours out from Chicago, drew up at the Michigan Junction, As the doors of the coaches were opened by the wary brakemen, there issued in quick succession men, women, and children of assorted nationalities and from various conditions in life. Stocky emigrants from Sweden, Wales and Cornwall, wholesome-faced Germans, jostled by swarthy Bohemians and Italians, jolly Frenchmen, with their jest and clatter of tongues, making their way in free and easy fashion; while Jewish pedlers, with alert glances, shouldered their packs, keeping silent and close watch on all who passed.

Family groups from Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio, from Lower Michigan and Canada, were there, all bound for the mining district, where newly opened mines called for laborers of all sorts. Forests must be felled, tracks laid, and homes and stores be built. What a few years previous had been the dwelling-place of wild animals, where only brave hunters and explorers had ventured, was now becoming rapidly populated by men of many nationalities and creeds.

'All aboard!' The few who had remained on the long station platform, now hurriedly scrambled up the steps and into the cars; only to find all seats filled, more than filled, for tired children were perched on the arms of the seats, and careless men were half-standing, half-leaning against them for support.

Such shouting and laughing; such crying of babies, and scolding of weary mothers! Such jabbering and singing and drinking of poor whiskey!, What were two brakemen and a conductor against so many? Order there was none, and order they could not enforce.

As each stop was made windows were thrust up, and men crowded to the openings wearing their caps, and calling to men outside, hoping to find friends who had preceded them to the new country. Miners fresh from the mines, with faces and clothes red with hematite and candles in their caps, the tallow dripping on face and beard, peered into the faces of the occupants of the cars. Rough and drunken lumbermen added their shouts to the din.

Morning merged into noon; the cars were nearly empty now; two more stops and the train will have reached its limit of track. The genial-faced conductor, glad of the lessening numbers, and a few minutes' rest, was seated near a family at the extreme end of the last car.

'Oh, your name's Ridleigh, is it?' he was saying, 'From southern Indiana? Well I should ha' known it without your saying so. I'm from that part of the state myself, and I reckon I know a Hoosier when I see one. You've got some likely-looking boys; what do you call 'em?'

'You see,' answered Mr. Ridleigh, 'I always had a liking for the letter R, just seemed to be born in me, so I named the boys Raymond, Richard and Robert. Robert, he's the little one with the red cheeks, and eyes that favor his mother's. Then when the baby came two years ago, why, we named her Rhoda, Her twin's name was Rowena, but we lost her, and my wife's name is Ruth; so you see, we're all R's,' he added, as the whistle gave a warning shriek, and the brakesman shouted, 'Iron Town and Banghstrom!' And the six R's hastily gathered together their numerous baskets and bundles.

'Nice family, that,' the conductor said to the brakeman, as they moved out of the station. 'Hope they'll do well; but it's an awful rough place for the young ones.'

Banghstrom is built on a steep hill, its twin, Iron Town, in the valley; between runs a narrow river. A mile distant from the former place the Ridleighs had taken up a homestead, and when the house was completed, the mother, with brave nine-year-old Bob, and baby Rhoda, were to be the home-keepers, while Father Ridleigh and the two older sons were the wage-earners. Mr. Ridleigh and Raymond in the mine, Richard in the power house, until something better offered.

In a month's time the family were safely housed, and our Bob in school learning to place figures in long and crooked columns; learning to locate far-away cities, rivers, and lakes on the faded pink and blue map of the United States in his much abused geography. How often he looked for Banghstrom on the map of Upper Michigan, and wondered why it was not there. Learning how to spell the long words in his 'speller.' Learning also to spell life; for Bob it often meant hard knocks from the rough miners' boys, and such humiliating nicknames as 'baby Bob.'

'I'm not a baby,' he would say with angry tears in his eyes, and a sudden flash of red in his cheeks. 'I'm nine!' But what was a slender, innocent lad of nine against the burly, tough sinners of nine and a half?

Not being a member of the class in literature, he had not the advantage of knowing about Shakespeare, Milton, or Tennyson, but he had a 'soul for poetry,' He liked the verses on 'the Mill Wheel.' in the back of his reader. But the flight of a bird across the clear blue of the sky, the song of the bobolink, or a clump of fern, and violets that grew in moist, shady places, was the poetry he liked best of all.

One day, just outside the schoolroom door he found a bit of torn paper, it read in this manner:

broad field of battle,
of Life,
e dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

What did wee Bob know of Longfellow and his 'Psalm of Life?' Nothing, but he knew what a battle was, for he and his brothers had listened many times to the stories his father told of how he had helped save his country in '64. Oh, yes, he knew what a 'field of battle' was, He knew what 'life' was, too, and 'dumb, driven, cattle.' Why—they had always kept a cow, and he knew what it was to run down to the creek for it and drive it home. But, 'be a hero in the strife,' he couldn't quite understand that, but he would know when he was older, that was what his mother always answered, when he asked difficult questions.

The torn slip he tucked away in the pocket of his jacket, where he kept all his choice findings. Pieces of quartz streaked with iron; advertisement cards, and short lengths of colored twine, that came around the parcels from the druggist's when Rhoda had the measles.

Every night Mr. Ridleigh, Raymond and Richard, toiled up the long hill to the new home always finding the two children waiting for them at the edge of the clearing. The greeting that rang out was the signal to Mother Ridleigh to take a last look at the biscuits in the oven and see if they were browning, and to make the coffee.

'I don't see but that we're pretty well fixed,' Mr. Ridleigh said one night, as he made a thick lather of soap over his face and hands, standing by the wash bench just outside the kitchen door; then, washing it off, threw the soapy red water towards the garden. After a vigorous rub with the towel, he went on with; 'For my part this clear air goes away ahead of Indiana's climate.' And facing around towards Iron Town he took deep draughts of invigorating ozone. How good it was to straighten up and to breathe full and deep after being under ground all day. The sharp click, click, of the drill had ceased, and down in the valley all looked peaceful and quiet.

Stump, stump, stump, an Indian with a wooden leg was coming up the path. When Bob saw him he shouted, 'Oh, there's my friend, lame Jim,' and ran down the path to meet him.

'Bonjour,' said the Indian, as he grasped the little hand held up to him, 'Jim brought you birch bark canoe.' And he held up a little beauty.

Bob danced around in frantic delight, and 'lame Jim,' resting on his wooden leg, watched the excited child. He knew what his recompense would be, a good supper and the bag in his pocket filled with provisions.

That night Jim was thinking of something

else besides birch bark canoes and a hearty supper. He had no bunch of sweet grass for Rhoda either, and that was a great oversight. Jim was troubled, and, after disposing of his plate full of supper, Mrs. Ridleigh had placed on the bench for him, he stumped up and down the beaten path grunting and mumbling.

When Mr. Ridleigh had finished his supper, and stood at the open doorway, Jim grunted out, 'I talk with you,' and motioned down the path. When they reached the end, the Indian abruptly said, pointing toward the Stanton mines: 'Your mine bad shape, fall in some day when you work. My shanty that way and me feel ground shake. You give up job.' Jim peered into Mr. Ridleigh's face in the darkness to see what effect his words had.

'I think you're mistaken, Jim, for the part where I work is propped up with right heavy timber, and is considered the safest part of the Stanton.'

'We see,' said Jim, and turning away disappeared in the dark forest.

Mr. Ridleigh went slowly back to the house. Not a word of the warning did he repeat to Mrs. Ridleigh or the boys. 'It cannot be so,' he thought. 'The Stanton is perfectly safe, Indians are always superstitious, and like to be mysterious.'

The next morning he started for the mine with a heavy sense of dread; he lingered behind the boys, to kiss his wife and baby again; and to give some special instructions about household affairs. When he reached the edge of the clearing, he looked back, waving his hand and shouting, 'good-by.' Good-by the echo said.

'There's no danger,' said Mr. Ridleigh over and over to himself. And he whistled to dispel the gloomy thought.

When he reached the mine he found that he was the last to go down. The whistle for work had already blown. He must wait now for the cage to come up again; meanwhile he tried to find some reason why he should not go down at all; but his boy was down there, that settled it; so, adjusting his candle, he jumped into the now waiting cage, and rolled into the great hole.

'Robert Ridleigh may come to the platform and stand half an hour.'

The teacher's voice sounded sharp and rasping, Bob looked up wonderingly; that certainly meant him, so hurriedly cramming his treasures into his pocket, he took his neglected reader and went up.

Miss Wells, the teacher, was a nervous, black-eyed woman, who jerked the pupils; she jerked Bob, and made him toe a certain crack near the edge of the platform. Our culprit thought it really a very interesting crack; it was wide, and had a wonderful capacity for paper wads, nails, burnt matches, and other small objects which could be tucked in when Miss Wells wasn't looking.

The still, hot air, made him sleepy. Through the doorway he could see a black cow grazing; he could hear her tug at and munch the tufts of grass. A yellow dog ran out and barked at the cow, and she lazily moved off to other tufts of grass. Bob wished he was the cow, then he wished that he was a bird that flew past. He looked down the street; there was Mr. Bascombe standing on the steps of his store with his hands in his pockets. Bob wished he was Mr. Bascombe. How he would like to stand behind a counter and sell stick candy and gum, and peer over his horn-rimmed spectacles at the small boys and girls, who, mounting the long step put up for their convenience at the foot of the counter, would stare at the goodies under the protecting glass. How nice it would be to open that sliding door and pass over the counter those coveted sweets in exchange for their pennies.

Just then on the drowsy air rose the shriek of the mine whistle. Could it be noon? No, the hands of the school clock only pointed to eleven. Shriek it sounded again. Teacher and scholar gazed at each other in silent amazement, then with common accord, rushed out of doors to the crest of the hill.

'The mine's caved in!' hoarsely shouted a man coming up the hill. 'Thirty men are buried alive.'

'Who are they?' asked everyone in the same breath. The messenger from his long run was exhausted, and could give no further information.

Mothers with little children in their arms groaned, 'It may be my husband or my boys,' And down the hill they ran, with the babies' arms tight around their necks. The whole town was out, making toward the Stanton. One intense, hurrying throng —fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters,all with the same question, 'Are any of mine buried alive!'

When the mouth of the pit was reached, it was crowded with miners, excitedly talking. The captain was calling out the names of the unfortunates and giving orders. Mr. Ridleigh's and Raymond's names were among them.

'Who will go to the rescue? Who will go down shaft No. 2?'

When the cave in had occurred it had carried in the framework of the shaft. Who would venture his life down those 300 feet? Who would go?

A dozen or more miners stepped quickly forward and volunteered. Miners are brave-hearted men on the whole, ready to aid an unfortunate comrade. To swing down into the great unknown darkness was only to them what they ought to do—what those in peril would do for them if their places were changed.

Three had been let down when the signal came from below that someone wished to be drawn up. When at last the signaler appeared, the waiting multitude pushed forward to catch every word of the report. It was Ole Johnson, a stalwart Norwegian. His powerful voice could be heard to the very outer edge of the crowd. His words were few, but to the point:

'Comrades, dere is a big lot of rock between us and de west gallery; along one side is a narrow crack. A man can't squeeze in dere; a boy could, a small boy.'

There was grim silence;, boys who were not brave-hearted slunk behind their mothers, hiding in the folds of their calico skirts.

A little hand was plucking at the captain's sleeve, and a childish voice was heard saying, 'I'll go, my papa's down there.'

'You, Bobbie?' said the captain, 'why, you are only a slip of a lad. What can you do?'

'Oh, I'm strong,' And he straightened his little figure up, and tried to look tall and sturdy.' 'You will let me go, won't you?'

So one end of the great rope was made fast around Bob's waist and arms; a dozen candles placed in his pockets and a miner's cap adjusted on his head, and over the pit he was swung.

A wild shout rang out from the watching multitude, then silence, and around the awful depths they crowded, while down went the little hero.

As he swung into the uncertain darkness Bob's heart beat to these words: 'Be a hero-in-the-strife-strife.' Perhaps this is what the words meant, going down, down to save his father.

The journey was finished, and as his feet touched the bottom, the two miners who had remained below, hastily slipped off the rope, and directed him to where great masses of rock and earth had fallen. He listened, not a sound, only his heart beating, 'Be-a-he-ro-in-the-strife.' Keeping close along by the mass of debris his light revealed an opening, a narrow, tortuous way between two masses of jagged rock. He listened here: was that a call, or was it only water oozing from the rock? Some sound there was, but so faint, so uncertain.

Bob shouted, 'Papa, it's Bob come to help.'

The echo said 'Help, help,' that was all, no other answer.

He thrust his candle far into the crevice. Could he make his way through there. The masses of rock and earth rose far above his head, and he might get wedged in by more earth falling, but he could try. One of the miners tied a small rope to his arm. So that on reaching the other end he could signal if hurt.

Slowly he worked his way along. The sharp rocks cut his face and hands, and bruised his body, then he was constantly in fear that his candle would go out and leave him in darkness. But he could see the end now, and that strange sound was growing stronger.

When the space beyond was gained, the candle-light revealed a large excavation in the solid rock, with ledges projecting from the sides. 'The miners' dining-room,' Mr. Ridleigh had named it. Even now the unopened dinner-pails could be seen on the ledges. The opening into the next gallery was closed by fallen earth, behind this the thirty men were imprisoned. They were shouting in unison. Bob heard them; he must answer, but how could they hear his voice?

Taking a pick he found on a ledge he struck with all his might the solid rock.

An answering shout came; they had heard. What was to be done next? For a moment he was stunned at the thought of how helpless he was. Probably the men were imprisoned in a small space, and could not venture to work at the debris for fear of more falling to crush them. Then if he went back for help what man could crawl through the crevice ? And what a long time it would take for them to make way with pick and shovel. Meanwhile the men would die for lack of air. Why, he must go to work himself, and at once.

The wall was not thick that separated him from the victims. His task was to free them into this larger space; at the same time his helpers would be enlarging the narrow passage and forcing air to him.

When the situation was fully settled in his mind he commenced work. The wall was only six feet high, just how thick it was he did not know.

What a hard, slow task it was. How many times he had to rest, and wipe the blood from his bruised face and hands. For five hours he worked, but the rests were frequent and long. His arms weren't accustomed to using a miner's shovel and pick. He was working nearer, but the voices were growing fainter.

At last a small opening was made and a man's face appeared. Bob held his candle close. Oh, joy! his father's face, but so changed. Soon a larger space was made, and then twelve men feebly dragged themselves through. Only twelve, the other eighteen were dead; some crushed and mangled, others suffocated. Raymond among the former.

Bob now became a ministering angel and fed the half-crazed, exhausted men. Then worn out they fell asleep. While they slept our Robert wearily worked his way back through the crevice, only half of which had been enlarged, while he had been working.

The yellow, flaming light from a score of torches flashed in his face; pointing back through the fissure, he whispered, 'They're in there; I dug them out.'

The strange light made him dizzy, and he would have fallen face downward, had not someone's loving arms caught him and held him fast. It was his mother come for her nine-year-old hero.

After a long illness Robert Ridleigh opened his eyes in recognition of those around him. The first one he saw was his father. When he grew stronger the rescued father told him of how the shafts had been repaired, and a cage full of rescuers sent down, and how the mother had taken home the unconscious boy. And then twelve more tedious hours elapsed before the twelve were reached and freed.

'Was I a hero in the strife?' feebly asked Bob.

'Yes,' answered the father, grasping the weak little hand, 'a real hero.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Ten Yellow Cradles on the Green Doorstep.

(By Ida T. Thurston, in 'Outlook.')

It was Nansie who discovered the cradles. Big Sister had discovered Nansie, forlorn and disconsolate, sitting on the steps and casting longing glances after Jack and Jimmy.

'They said—they didn't want me a-taggin'!' Nansie sobbed, and one big salt tear rolled over her round cheek and tumbled plump into her little red mouth.

'I'm going over into Fairyland, and you can "tag" there if you want to,' said Big Sister, smiling down into the little grieved face.

Nansie snatched her pink sunbonnet and sprang up, forgetting Jack and Jimmy and all her woes.

'Oh, may I? and where is Fairyland?' she cried.

'Over yonder, by the brook. Most people don't know that it is Fairyland—but it is,' Sister replied.

When they reached the cool, shady place down by the brook, Big Sister said:

'Now, Nansie, these are all fairy houses—these green things that people call weeds. Just you watch and see what you can discover.'

The little girl's blue eyes were big with wonder. 'Truly fairy houses?' she questioned. 'Are there fairies in them now, Sister?'

'Perhaps, in some of them. Others are vacant now—houses to rent, you know—and some are empty because the people that live in them are away.'

'Oh, Sister, look! Are those—anything?' cried Nansie, pointing a chubby forefinger at one of the fairy houses.

Big Sister laughed. 'You certainly have sharp eyes,' she answered. 'Yes, those are fairy cradles. The little mother has left them on that green doorstep.'

Nansie stooped and peered eagerly at the tiny cradles. Bright yellow they were, and set in two even rows.

'But—I don't see any babies in 'em,' she said, with a doubtful glance at Sister.

'The babies are there, though,' Big Sister replied, 'but they are all fast asleep; and, Nansie, I am going to carry them home.'

'But how can you—they're so dreffful little?' cried Nansie, anxiously.

'I'll have to take doorstep and all,' and with that Big Sister carefully broke off the green doorstep and walked on with it. 'There are plenty more steps left,' she added, 'and the fairies won't mind.'

As soon as they reached home she filled a flower-pot with soft earth from the garden, laid the green doorstep on top, and covered the pot with a glass finger-bowl.

Nansie, peering through the bowl, eyed the tiny yellow cradles doubtfully.

'They must be dreffful still babies,' she murmured.

'They won't be still very long,' laughed Big Sister.

Nansie peeped through the glass bowl many times in the next two days. The third morning, when she went to look, she cried excitedly,

'Oh, Sister, come quick!'

Sister came. 'The babies are awake sure enough,' she said.

'But, Sister,' exclaimed Nansie, 'see—they're eating up the green doorstep—and oh, what funny black babies they are!'

Before noon the black babies had eaten every scrap of that doorstep, and Sister brought three more and put them under the bowl. Nansie watched with eager interest.

'They eat all the time, don't they?' she remarked. 'And they grow like Jack's beanstalk!'

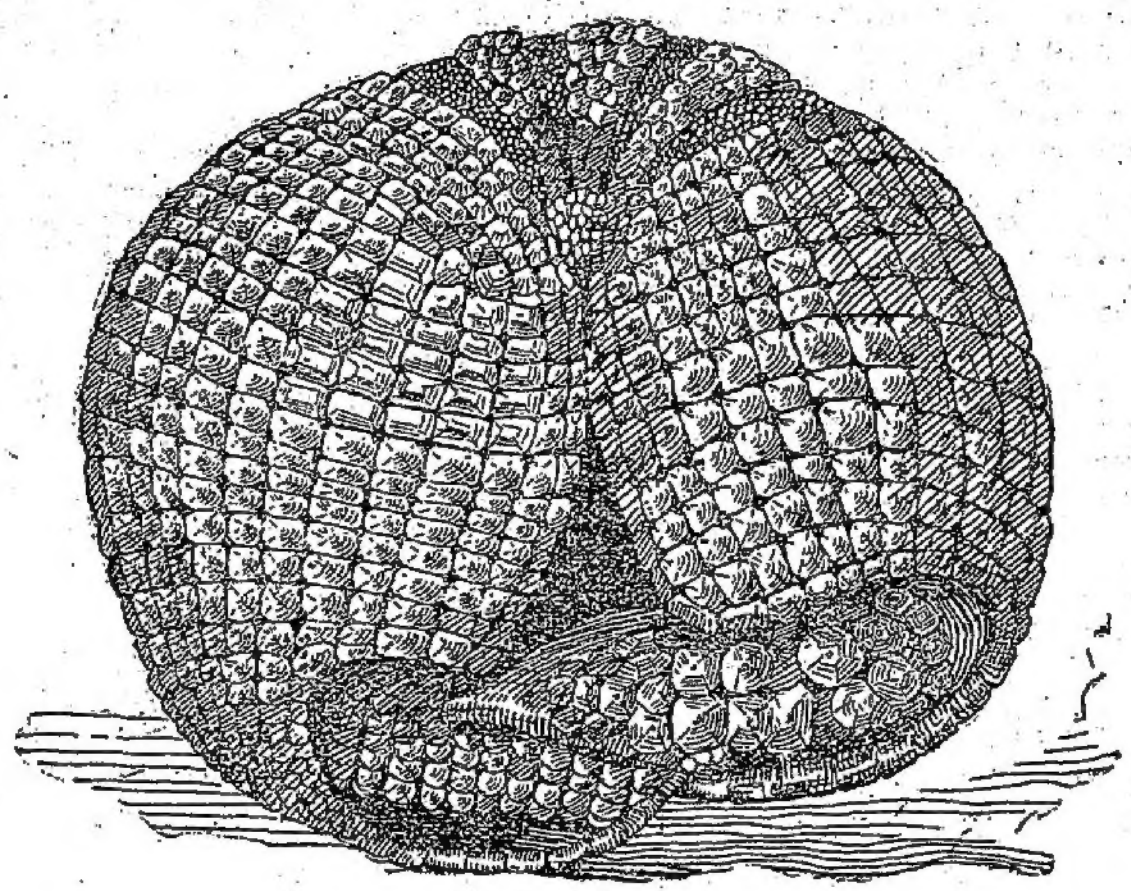
But when she went to look at the black babies a few days later she stood and stared in bewildered surprise. There lay the last doorstep that Sister had put in the night before. There were three little bites on one end, but that was the only sign of the fat black babies.

'Oh, Sister, somebody's let 'em out,' wailed Nansie.

'No,' answered Sister, in a comforting tone, 'they're gone to sleep again.'

'But how could they, without any cradles?' questioned Nansie, doubtfully.

'Last night,' began Sister, 'they all grew very sleepy, and then they slipped down under the soft dirt and set to work and made silk nightgowns for themselves and put them on and went to sleep. Now you'll have to wait a few days



THE ARMADILLO.

I do not think that you would guess what this strange-looking thing in the picture is. Perhaps you might think that it is a shell-fish of some kind, but it is not. It is a living animal. Besides its strange look it has a strange name, for it is called an armadillo. It is covered with a kind of hard shell, which keeps it from being hurt. When it is frightened, it rolls itself up round like a ball, as you see it in the picture, so that very little of it can be seen except the horny shell. All God's works are wonderful, but I think that the armadillo is one of the most wonderful of them all.—'Our Little Dots.'

—maybe a week—and then you'll see them again, but you won't know them.'

'Why won't I, Sister?'

'Because they will not be fat and black and wriggly, and they won't eat any more green doorsteps.'

'Oh! 'Most seem's if I can't wait!' sighed Nansie.

But the days slipped away, and next morning Sister called her. Nansie gave one look through the finger-bowl and then she danced with delight.

'Oh, how pretty—how pretty!' she cried. 'Are those the fairies, Sister?'

'Aren't they pretty enough to be fairies?' replied Sister.

'Oh, yes! Now they've got on shining green dresses with gold trimming, and see them fly! But what will they eat now?' Nansie questioned, anxiously.

'I don't know, dear, and so I am going to let them go and find food for themselves—all but two of them.'

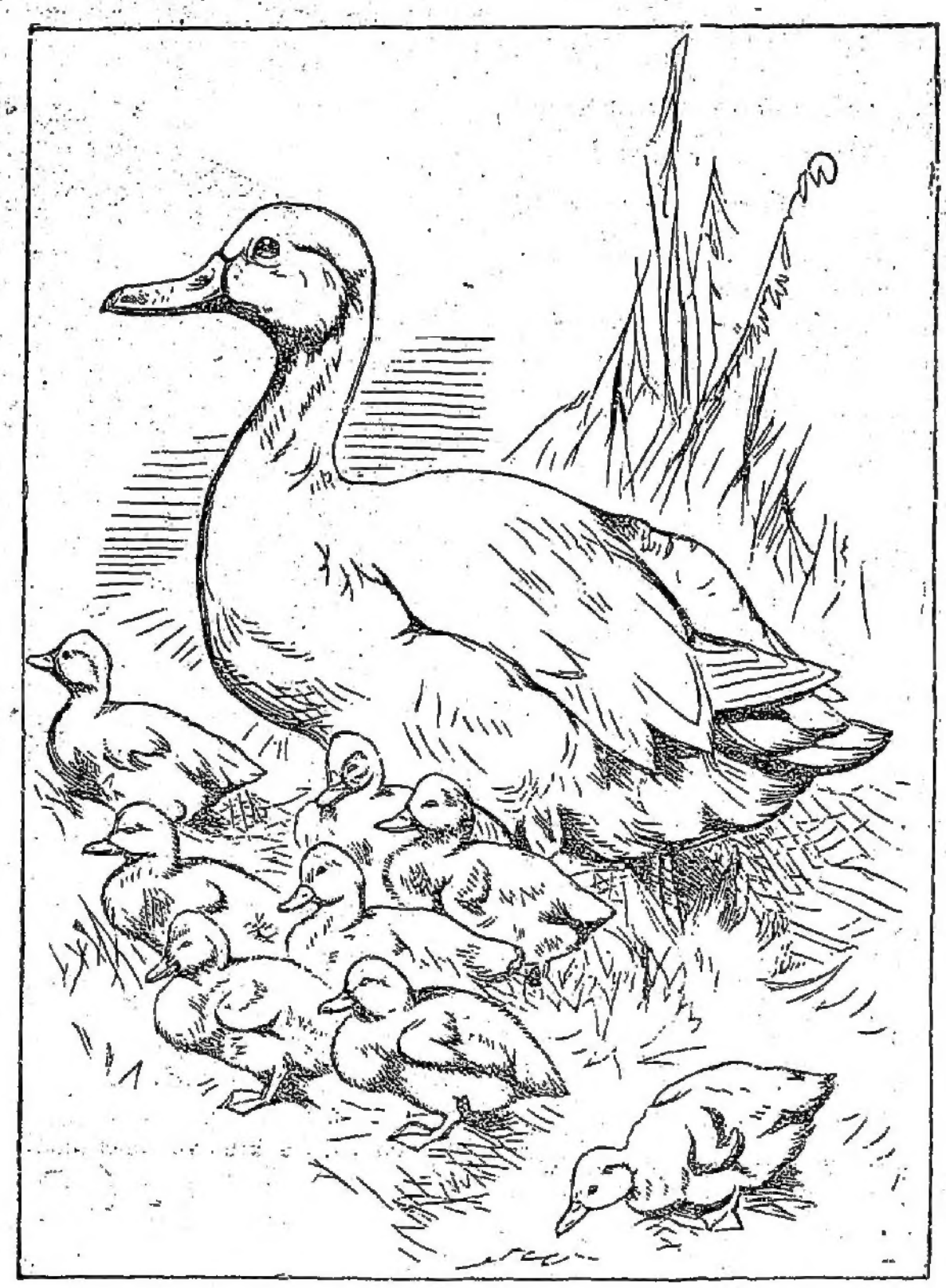
The little girl looked sorrowful, but she said nothing. Sister lifted the finger-bowl and let all but two of the little creatures crawl out, and the next moment away they flew through the open window.

'Will these two starve?' queried Nansie, with troubled eyes.

'No; they may be rather hungry, but I'll let them, too, go to-morrow.'

And so she did, but that night she put in another doorstep, and the next morning on that green doorstep Nansie found three rows of tiny yellow cradles just like the first ten; but the little green-robed mothers had followed the others out through the open window.

Jack and Jimmy declared scornfully that the fairies were nothing but little green beetles, and that the tiny cradles were 'only yaller eggs'—but Nansie didn't mind. She and Big Sister knew.



DRAWING LESSON IV.

No Blessing.

Rabbits are among the pet animals which boys delight to own. Robert L—had three of them, regular beauties, so he called them. A big price had been offered him for them, but nothing could induce him to part with them. It is true, Robert was the son of a poor widow but the rabbits were never for sale by him, no matter how great his personal needs were.

But now happened something which brought poor Robert into a strait place. His mother became very sick, and although she was frugal and industrious, she was just then out of funds as an extra improvement tax had to be paid on the little home she owned. Mrs. L. became so ill, that Robert had to go for the doctor, who left a prescription, but Robert had no money to get it filled. Fred B—had a few days before asked Robert to sell him his rabbits, but Robert did not want to part with them, especially at the price offered. He now wished he had parted with them, at almost any amount, no matter how small. He therefore hurried to Fred B—and told him he could have his pets at the price he offered, which had been quite low. But Fred did not appear to want them now, and Robert offered them lower still, at the same time telling him why he was ready to part with them now at even less than had been offered him. Fred came and took the pet rabbits home, while Robert rushed with the money he had received to the apothecary and had the prescription filled.

But Fred did not have very good success with the rabbits. They used to burrow through their inclosure. Several times he missed them soon enough to find them again, until at last they got away and were never again found.

Fred was conscience stricken. He thought he was punished for oppressing Robert, the way he did. As a proof of his sincerity he went to Robert and paid him the real value of the animals, although Robert felt quite content for the way in which matters shaped themselves in his favor. Fred learned a very important lesson which he remembered as long as he lived, viz.: that there rests no blessing upon ill-gotten gain.—'Sunday-school Messenger.'

LESSON IX.—MAY 27.

Parables of the Kingdom.

Matt. xiii., 24-33. Memory verses, 31-33. Read the whole chapter.

Daily Readings.

M. Word of truth.—Jas. i., 1-20.
T. Ark of life.—Gen. vii., 1-16.
W. The garner.—Matt. iii., 1-12.
T. The seal.—II. Tim. iii., 8-26.
F. Son of Man.—Ez. xxxi., 1-9.
S. Tree of Life.—Rev. xxii., 1-9.

Golden Text.

'The field is the world.'—Matt. xii., 38.

Lesson Text.

(24.) Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; (25) But while men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. (26) But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. (27) So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? (28) He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. (29) Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn. (31) Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field: (32) Which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. (33) Another parable spake he unto them: The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.

Suggestions.

Last week we studied the parable of the Sower, the first recorded parable uttered by our Lord. Many of his parables as well as hundreds of his miracles are unrecorded in the short though comprehensive accounts of his life by the four evangelists, for John tells us that if all the things which Jesus did on earth should be written down, the world itself could not contain the books that would be filled. (John xxi., 25.) A parable has been defined as a shell that keeps good fruit for the diligent, but keeps it from the slothful. Jesus taught the greatest spiritual truths from the simplest natural facts. God created the whole world for his own glory and may he not have ordered many events in the natural visible life of the world with a view to illustrating the events of the unseen spiritual world? At all events the simplest things in our everyday life may illustrate the deepest things of the inner life if studied in the light of the Holy Spirit.

In the parable of the wheat and tares the Sower of the good seed is the Son of man. The seed typifies the children of the kingdom. (I. Pet. i., 23.) Good seed is that which brings forth good fruit. The children of the kingdom, the souls who by yielding to God, become part of his great propagating force, are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the earth for the dissemination of the gospel. The Lord Jesus sows only good seed. But the enemy of souls sows evil seed in the world, the seed of wicked hearts. And the wicked seed flourishes, often cloaked with false religion, hypocrisy, rationalism and outward observances. To the human eye it is well nigh impossible to distinguish between the flourishing tares and the wheat. For this reason the Lord of the harvest has forbidden his servants to try to destroy the tares from the midst of the wheat; lest they should root up the wheat as well as the tares, and in their mistaken zeal blight the fertility of the whole harvest field. We must not rashly judge other men, the stumbling ones may be really children of the kingdom and the best appearing ones may not be right before God. It is not for us to judge, but it is for us to live and preach the power of the gospel that men seeing the power of God in our lives may so test their own lives by it as to make sure for themselves whether they are wheat or tares.

It is by the fruit of the Spirit that the children of God are known. A man who is not a Christian may have many virtues, but he can not have the fruit of the Spirit, (Gal. v., 22, 23.) A Christian may have many faults, but if he receives the Spirit of God, into his heart those faults will be conquered and that soul made ready for an eternity of joy in the presence of God. The battle may be long and tedious, but ultimate victory is assured to the soul who yields to God. It is the final fruit that counts. The fruit of the tares is dark, bitter and poisonous, and easily distinguished from the rich golden grain of the wheat.

Tares are radically different from wheat, they are of different seeds. So the difference between Christians and hypocrites is not necessarily outwardly marked; but is essentially radical, the difference between a self-willed heart, and a Spirit-filled heart —the difference between a heart devoted to the world and a heart devoted to God. (Matt. vi., 24.) God looks not upon the outward appearance; but upon the heart. (I. Sam. xvi., 7.) We can not see men's hearts, therefore we must not judge.

By nature we all belong to the tares, (Rom. iii., 19-23), but through the grace of God, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, we may be born into the kingdom of God and become the good seed which by abiding in Christ (John xv., 4-6). brings forth glorious fruit unto eternal life.

The end of the tares is to be burned. It is only right that the tares should be separated from the wheat, it is perfectly just that the children of God should be finally and eternally separated from those who choose to disobey him. There is no grading of the tares, the fruitful and the unfruitful, the fine and the coarse, the beautiful and the seared, are alike detestable to the reaper, and are bound together. So shall it be at the end of the world, all who have refused to obey God, be they rich or poor, cultured or degraded, outwardly moral, or blatantly blasphemous, all classes of sinners shall alike be banished from the presence of God. He who refuses to obey God arrays himself on the side of the evil one along with the drunkard and outcast. He who obeys God may be made the means of rescuing those whose sins he abominates, and of bringing the outcasts into the kingdom of God. Sin must be consumed, if a soul insists on clinging to sin it must be consumed with the sin. But the soul is eternal therefore it cannot be annihilated. God is eternal, and his purity is the fire which consumes all sin. Only the blood of Jesus can loose us from our sins. (Rev. i., 5, R.V.)

Lesson Hymn.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit into His barns to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;,
Lord of the Harvest, grant that we,
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Junior C. E. Topic.

FORGIVING.

Mon., May 21.—They who make mistakes. Rom. xv., 1.

Tues., May 22.—They who wilfully wrong us. Matt. v., 44.

Wed., May 23.—God forgive us. Psa. ciii., 3.

Thu., May 24. — Christ forgave. Luke xxiii., 34.

Fri., May 25.—Our forgiveness depends upon it. Mark xi., 26.

Sat., May 26.—Forgive often. Luke xvii., 3, 4.

Sun., May 27. — Topic.—Whom should we forgive? Why? How often? Matt. xviii., 21-35.

C. E. Topic.

May 27. Have patience. Matt. xviii., 21-35.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

6. Q.—Tell us more of the effects of alcohol.

A.—The liver of a drunkard often looks as though covered with knobs and is known as hob-nailed liver or gin-drinker's liver.

7. Q.—What follows?

A.—Dropsy, paralysis, and many other diseases of the liver, and finally death.

8. Q.—Does alcohol cause the same disease in the liver, which it causes in the stomach?

A.—It does. Ulcers, abscesses, and cancer.

9. Q.—What are the kidneys?

A.—There are two, and they are small glands situated low down in the body, each side of the back-bone.

10. Q.—Of what use are the kidneys?

A.—They separate poisonous substances from the blood, and carry them off with other waste fluids of the body.

11. Q.—How does alcohol affect the kidneys?

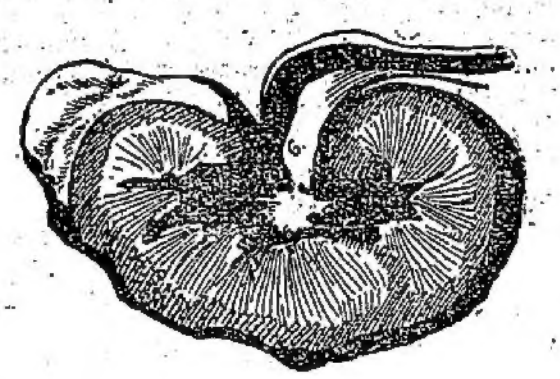
A.—Since they carry off the waste water of the body, alcohol gives them too much to do, and they get overworked.

12. Q.—In what other way does alcohol injure the kidneys?

A.—It causes the cells to become filled with fat and false tissue, which weakens them, so they cannot strain off from the blood the poisonous acids of the body.

13. Q.—What terrible disease is often caused by alcohol?

A.—Bright's disease of the kidneys, which seldom, if ever, can be cured.



SECTION OF KIDNEY.

This shows a section of a healthy kidney. 6 is the ureter.

Cigarettes and Stealing.

It may be interesting to your readers to learn that the business men of the country are beginning to declare war against the cigarette habit. I frequently receive letters from bond and guarantee companies asking for the records of young men who formerly attended this college. This is done when a young man is required to give bond in a position that involves the handling of money. Naturally the guarantee company writes to the college authorities to find what record the applicant made when a student.

One of the largest guarantee companies in the world has added this question to the ones usually submitted, 'Does the applicant smoke cigarettes?' I wrote to the company and asked them what effect cigarette smoking would have on a young man's chances for getting bond. I shall give the letter sent in answer to mine, verbatim, omitting of course, names and places. This letter should be read to every boy:

Dear Sir: Your esteemed letter is received, inclosing our special and confidential circular concerning Mr.——, and I note your inquiry as to the reasons that led us to inquire if the applicant was a cigarette smoker. We always affix this question when the applicant is under twenty-one years of age. I do not know that all the guarantee companies ask for this information, but this branch of our company has been led to do so, because the writer in ten years' experience finds that this company in the conduct of its business throughout the southern states has not paid a claim

under a defaulter, who was less than twenty-one years old, who was not a cigarette smoker.

If all the defaulters under twenty-one years old are cigarette smokers it is only reasonable that we should inquire as to the habit of applicants in this respect.

If a young man nineteen or twenty years old should apply to us for bond the mere smoking of cigarettes alone would not disqualify him for our indorsement, but if there were any other adverse information obtained the company's objection to cigarette smoking would be accentuated, and while neither of these objections alone would cause the company to decline the bond, both together would unquestionably do so.

It is our habit at this branch to require a written promise from a minor who is addicted to the habit of cigarette smoking to entirely abstain from their use as long as he serves under our bond or until he has reached his majority.

It is not uncommon in these days for a business man to decline to give employment to a young person who is addicted to the cigarette habit. * * * —'Baptist Courier.'

The Danger of Chewing Gum

The custom of gum-chewing, which is quite common in this country, as the legions of slot-machines for selling chewing-gum testify, seems to have but recently gained ground in England, says 'The Literary Digest,' judging from comments in English journals. The following note from 'The Hospital' is especially interesting as controverting the principal claim of the advocates of gum on this side of the water, namely, that its use aids digestion by stimulating the flow of saliva. Says the journal just named:

'Attention has been called to the dangers attending the sale of 'chewing-gum' by an inquest which has been recently held in Lincoln on a child aged between seven and eight years old, who died after eating this substance, which it not unnaturally imagined was a sweetmeat. We would point out, however, that, besides such risks as this, the habit of masticating this filthy compound of flavored india-rubber is undoubtedly a cause of much dyspepsia. The constant titillation of the salivary organs kept up by chewing this stuff not only causes a steady drain of saliva, which is most wasteful, but, what is more serious still, in consequence of the frequently repeated stimulation to which these organs are thus exposed, they fail to respond to the normal excitation which ought to rouse them to action when food is taken. A constant dribble of salivary secretion is substituted for the healthy flow which should occur only at meal-times. The glands fail to respond to any stimulant less potent than the peppermint, aniseed, or other constitutents found in chewing-gum; and the more insipid foods, such as bread and other starchy compounds, pass into the stomach unchanged. This is disturbing to digestion at its very commencement, and it is extremely probable that the indigestion of starchy substances, which is so commonly met with at the present day, is largely due to the waste of saliva caused by smoking and by the constant chewing of various substances, which we see going on all around. The chewing of gum is thus not only a nasty habit, but is provocative of ill-health. Unfortunately, when 'chewing-gum' is sold in the form of a sweetmeat, it may cause still more serious consequences, being apt to be swallowed by children.'

The Children and Temperance

Canon Wilberforce in a sermon to children in Westminster Abbey, made an appeal to his young hearers to join a Band of Hope or some Juvenile Temperance Society. He wanted them to bear in mind that a great deal of good might be done by children, and particularly with regard to temperance work. The elder people who had been engaged in the temperance crusade wanted to see a strong band of young temperance workers pushing on the propaganda. Every child ought to join a branch of one of the great temperance reforming movements, and by so doing would be giving a great assistance in a good work.

Drink or Let it Alone.

(By Ida M. Budd, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'Oh dear! what a fuss and commotion and flurry,
And all about nothing,' said young Harold Gray.
'I wonder why mothers are such hands to worry,
They can't seem to help it; no doubt it's their way.
I drank but one glass with the rich banker's daughter;
Her kind invitation how could I refuse?
It did no more harm than a glass of cold water;
Besides, I'm no slave, I can do as I choose.

'But mother's so timid and easily frightened,
She thinks I'm "done for" with just that one glass.
It was almost amusing the way her face whitened;
Of course I was sorry, but there! let it pass.
Why should I deny myself everything pleasant
Because some poor weakling to ruin has gone?
I wouldn't give much for the fellow that hasn't
The power to drink it or let it alone.'

But oft and more often his pulses beat quicker
Because of the wine, and as months passed away
It came to be known as no secret that liquor
Was getting the better of poor Harold Gray.
His eye lost its light and his step grew unsteady,
Still he told anxious friends it was 'only their whim,'
And stoutly averred that, whene'er he was ready,
He'd show them that drink was not master of him.

But alas! for the boast in his human strength spoken;
Alas! for the mother who over him weeps
In grief unavailing, with heart crushed and broken,
Where low in the grave of the drunkard he sleeps.
O alas! for the thought of the dread coming morning
When he must appear at the great judgment throne
To render account for his scorn of the warning
Of friends who besought him to let it alone.

My boy, you are strong and youth's sky arches o'er you.
Are you making the boast that poor Harold Gray made?
Do you say all is well? There's no danger before you?
You can drink or abstain, and you are not afraid;
Oh! if you can do either, lest Satan allure you
To ruin and death as by others he's done,
I kindly entreat you, nay, gravely adjure you,
By all means and always to let it alone.
—'Michigan Advocate.'

Correspondence

Dugald, Man.

Dear Editor,—We have no cat in our house, but we keep a horse, and have bees. My brother's name is George, and he is six and a half feet high, and has great grey eyes. DOLLIE (aged 4.)

Britainville, Ont.

Dear Editor—I am interested in your Find-the-Place Almanac, and have searched for the texts. I succeeded in getting three subscribers for the 'Weekly Witness,' but as we get the 'Messenger' from the Sabbath-school, there was no chance to get subscribers for it here. The prizes I received were much better than I expected for so few subscriptions. As I am very fond of reading I am interested in the new library that we received lately for our Sabbath-school. Among the various authors are: The Rev. J. McDougall, the Rev. E. R. Young, E. P. Roe, Pansy and Ballantyne, also there are some books by Mrs. Wright. With the old and new libraries combined, we have a very nice collection of books.

OLIVE S., aged 14.

Longlaketon, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—Longlaketon is a very pretty place in summer, but it is very cold in winter. I live on a farm. I learned to milk last summer. I go to school in summer. I am in the third reader. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have no school in winter. There are only twelve scholars going to our school. We have Sunday-school in summer, and I like going very much. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. SADIE K. B. (aged 10.)

——Milverton.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for two years, and am going to take it the third, for I like it very much. We have a two hundred acre farm, five miles from Milverton, on which is plenty of work. There is a large drain running through our place, which is a great help. I have no relations near Montreal. I have quite a few in the United States.

LEWIS I. B. (aged 15.)

Wick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have two cats. We named them Purrie and Dot. We have a dog, his name is Blake. We take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I am nine years old. I have a dear little sister. She will soon be two years old. MINA.

Nixon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer. We live about two miles from the post office, and the school-house is on the corner of our place, but I do not go. I have one brother and one sister at home, and a nice stepmother, whom I like real well. I have two sisters and one brother away.

NORA M.

Alberni, B.C.

Dear Editor,—The last time I wrote to you we had two horses, but now we have four. We call the two youngest, Nancy and Prince. Our teacher's name is Mr. Howitt. The girls at school were collecting money to get him a prize for examination. Grandpa keeps a blacksmith shop, about two miles from his own house. Grandma used to read the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl, and she reads it still. I like reading the 'Messenger' as it has so much for children. My great grandma is over eighty-six years old. ETHEL.

Rockfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am the only boy in the family. I have two sisters, and I have one pet horse and a colt. We have a farm of about two hundred acres. We live in a brick house, and have a large barn, which is one hundred feet long, and a windmill on the farm that pumps and grinds and saws. We have five horses, twenty-two cows, and twelve pigs. I go to school every day. We play 'black catch the white,' and some other games. We live about two miles from the Blue mountain, and about six miles from the village of Lansdown. I took the 'Messenger' one year, and then I let my sister take it this year. I have the best father that ever wore boots, and a dear mother.

E. M. SUMMERS (aged 13.)

Maple Ridge, Que.

Dear Editor,—My home is on a farm. In summer we can see the steamboats go up and down the Ottawa river from our window. Our house is large, so we have lots of room to work in it. We keep a good lot of stock. I have one little sister five years old, and no brothers. We often go to fish in our creek. One day I caught 18 fish. I walk a mile every day to school.

LUCY E. ANDERSON, aged 11.

Dear Editor,—I have just four sisters and two brothers. We all go to the Baptist Sunday-school except my elder sister and brother, who are away. We all enjoy the story of the 'Black Rock' very much. I noticed a letter in this paper from my father's uncle, Ebenezar Tracy, from Algoma. I like your 'Find-the-Place Almanac' very much LENA T., aged 12.

HOUSEHOLD.

'I Wish Some of Them Lived Near Me.'

A young housekeeper who has been managing a home of her own for four or five years has been very much interested in the letters that have been published in this column from young women who are looking for some work to do, and the burden of her wail is the sentence that I have chosen for my heading. 'I wish some of them lived near me. I think I could help them, and they could help me; that is, if they are not too proud to work.'

She tells me of some of the troubles she has had in finding people to do different kinds of work for her, and gives some advice which is so good and sensible that I am going to share it with you. Read it, girls, and see whether you need any of her words.

'I have any quantity of work,' she writes, 'and enough money to pay for its being done, if only I could have it well done. I know at least a dozen housekeepers who would gladly pay good wages to any one who would come and do satisfactory work in their homes. There are young women here who would come and do the work, and do it pretty well, all but one thing; they will not wait on the table, but want to sit at table with the family. Now, when there are several in the family, one must wait upon them; and, if I hire someone to help in the housework, that is part of the work I want done, and done properly; for it is as much a part of the work as getting the meals ready. No one should feel above one's work, and surely a girl is just as much a servant in a man's office writing his letters, and cleaning his typewriter, and tending his office, as she would be in his home, cooking his meals, tending the house, and waiting on the table. Any work may be made honorable by the one who does it. . . The dressmakers we have charge two prices, and do not do their work well. Last week I wanted a dress ripped up and cleaned. I took it to a young woman who needed the money, I know, It came home very much cut in the seams, all the threads in it, and washed, but not pressed, If some one would take up that kind of work, I know there would be plenty to do and good pay, if there was good work.

'There is another place open for the right sort of woman. A woman wishes to go away, for a day's shopping in the city, or for pleasure, and can't take her children. A nice, honest, Christian girl or woman, who can go into that home and do the work of the day, the same as the mother would do it, take care of the children, get the meals on time, and, in fact, take charge, without taking away a single bit of gossip, such a girl would be overrun with customers, if her prices were reasonable.

'In this part of the country we don't need any one to do some new thing, but to take hold and learn to do some homely thing well. I would advise any girl to associate with others who do the same work as herself, and form a union; then she will take a pride in her work, and study to improve in it. The carpenter's Son, and the tent-maker were not ashamed to work with their hands, and why should we be?'

'I had a good education at a young ladies' school, and also a course at a business college; but, if I had to earn my living I would take in washing, because that is what I know how to do and like to do. I'd try to go about it in a business-like way, and charge a living-price, and the same to all. If the work got too much for me, I'd get good women to work for me by the day. I'd work up my business all the time and advertise. I'd study all the best methods for washing different kinds of material. No one would fear to send me flannels, blankets, lace curtains, dainty handkerchiefs, or fine dresses; for I'd make it my business to give satisfaction. I'd buy coal in the summer, and soap and starch by wholesale, and rainwater is as free as air; so I'd give my mind to my business, and I know I'd succeed.' M. E. M.'

And I think she would succeed, in that or any other kind of work, she would undertake, don't you? And I think you know why she would succeed.

Now, girls, a good many of you have been writing to me about work that you can do near home, and I do not know how many of you have asked me for those circulars about Mexican drawn-work, and about flower culture and many other things; and here is this woman, who lives perhaps in your own town, who has plenty of work to be done and is glad to pay for it; and you perhaps will not do it, because you are too proud; or perhaps you have been doing it, and have not done it well. Take her advice, and learn to do some homely thing well. Whether this woman lives in your town or not, probably there are others, and there is work enough to be done in almost any town, and money to pay for it, too, if it is done well and for reasonable prices. Think how much pleasure you might give and get by helping to make some other home happy in any of the ways she has mentioned. Do not despise any one of these methods, and do not say this advice is not for you, unless you are sure of it. Look about you and do the next thing, and 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'—Mrs. F. E. Clark, in 'C. E. World.'

To the Hospital.

(By Harkley Harker, in New York 'Weekly.')

'Don't take me to the hospital!'

'Why not, my poor child?' my wife asked.

'Because,' faltered the weary little thing, 'it's dreadful to be sent to the great, lonely, strange hospital.'

'You are quite mistaken, Maggie,' my wife resumed, reassuringly.

Maggie was a sort of companion to my children, a nurse girl, yet small and delicate, to whom we had all become very much attached, in the time she had been in my house.

'It is a clean place, a place where you will have the very best of care and medical attendance, and where you will fare a thousand times better than you possibly could here in our house and in this little hall bedroom.'

So they persuaded the suffering girl to agree to what was best for her. She was tenderly removed in our own carriage, and is doing well. The ladies of my house have frequently been down to see Maggie, taking delicacies for her sick condition. I myself took pains to bespeak the special attention of the surgeon-in-chief, though that was wholly unnecessary, in fact, for had Maggie been the veriest stranger from the streets she would have been served just as faithfully by the physicians and nurses in the hospital. My little daughter has just come in to tell me how 'sweet, and clean and bright,' Maggie's cot looked, as she and mamma saw her an hour ago.'

And, papa, Maggie said, "thank God for the hospitals," She is so glad she went there.'

Now, all this is true; yet there is no denying the dread and shrinking that would come over you and me at the thought of going to the hospital. Home is the place of all places, so the heart craves, in which to be sick. The bare, white walls, the vast edifice, of wings on wings, the rows of beds, the mechanical movements of trained attendants, the loneliness, these we fear. Lonely people go to hospitals, the friendless, the homeless and the solitary.

But what a mistake we make, too! Hundreds of the wealthy and the famous go to the hospital for the better treatment. The man in the bed at your side may be a millionnaire. The woman on your right will be visited to-morrow, perhaps, by people in rich attire, her family, who come to bring her flowers. You must know that the hospital has the very best medical skill at its command. The circumstances also afford a silence and absolute rest, a trained watch over the invalid, diet regulated to perfection, instantaneous attention to unfavorable symptoms, and ministry of medicines with utmost precision, giving the best possible results—all in a way that the richest home would find it well-nigh impossible to effect.

If practice makes perfect, what perfection ought to be obtained in a great hospital where thousands of patients pass under the eyes of the physicians. The most difficult thing in the healing art is to know just what is the matter with the patient. Identical symptoms, in fact, often stand for a score of different maladies which may be working in you. Only the closest observation, and for some time, in severe and complicated cases, can scent and track to its lair the mischief that is killing you. Nothing is so deceptive as pain; it is a very fox, a snake; it hides and dodges. Now, the hospital nurse studies you, moment by moment, day and night. The young physicians have everything at stake in finding you out, The array of facts about your case is collected, by so many persons, that, if there is any such thing as knowing what disease you have, it will be known in the hospital.

Every appliance of surgery is at hand; costly beds, and what not. Things that you could not afford unless you were rich, and which it would not be worth your while to buy and own, so soon as you have done with them, are all at command. Every attention is given to ventilation and sunlight, and to the covering of your couch, lest you be too warm or too cool; it is impossible to over-state the armament for good of a first-class hospital in these days.

You would be surprised, if you never yet visited a hospital, to see how many loving hands work for it. Good ladies bring flowers. Other Christian hearts bring delicately prepared food. The clergyman is always a frequent visitor; kind voices come to sing on the Sabbath-day, and hold simple tranquilizing worship, the sounds floating as softly as an angel overture through the echoing halls and chambers. Readers come with books of diversion, and take their places at some cot-side, telling the story of interest. The nurse knows how to entertain you with cheerfulness, and many a story from the outer world's day's doings.

Hundreds die at home from poor care and scant attention, who might live if they had gone to the kind, skilful, public institution. A prejudice kept them away. But it is pleasant to record that the popular prejudice is yielding. The people are becoming wiser. An intelligent appreciation of the hospital is abroad to-day. The institutions themselves are improving; better buildings are rising. Ere long the scattered hospital doors, which open to the sick in every city, will reproduce the healing of him who 'went about doing good' and 'healing all manner of sick folk.'

God bless the hospital!

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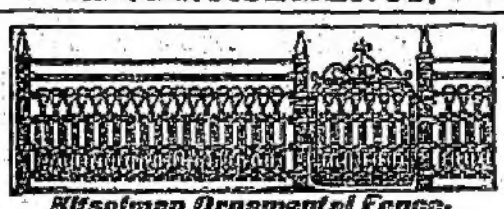

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